

JANUARY 3, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

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begs to announce
the arrival of a
new day
beginning
January 1924

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LG



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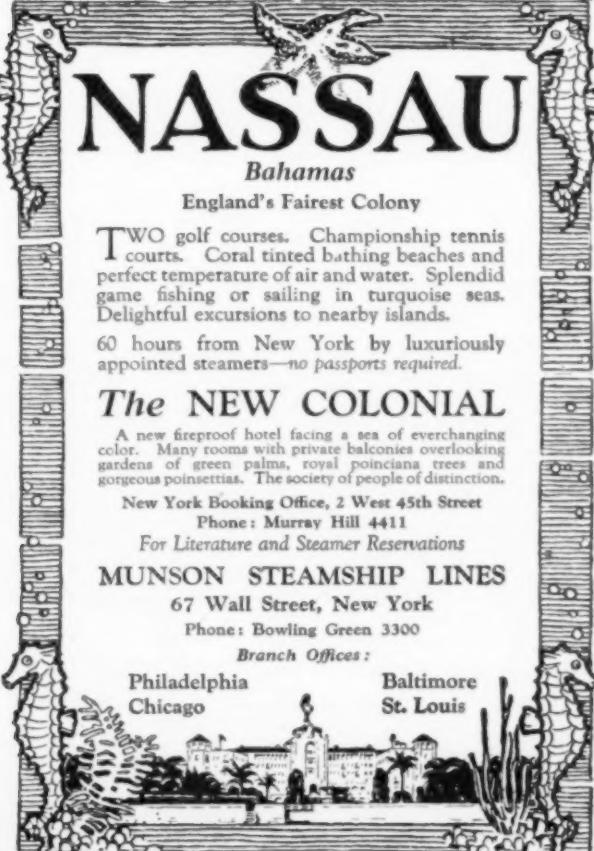
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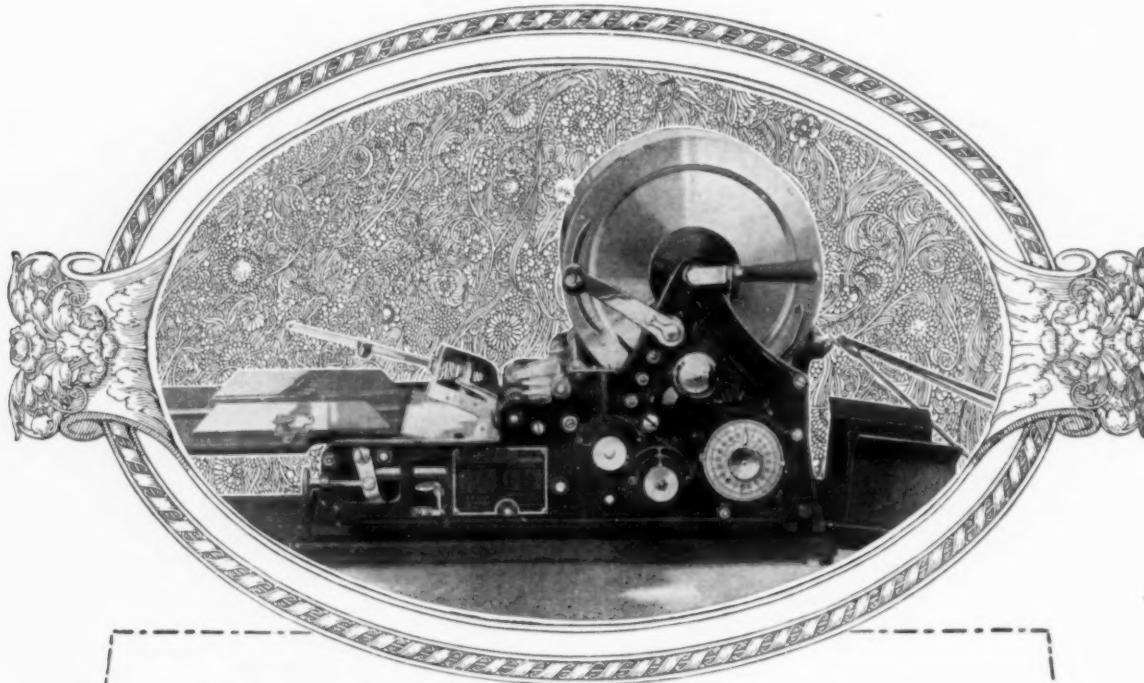
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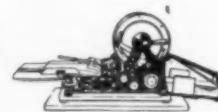
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splendidly printed copies of a form letter, bulletin, diagram, or kindred matter, at a cost so small that it is practically negligible.

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JAN -2 1924

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Enter Leap Year

LIFE



Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 1—Mr. Kleboe, who has had a clinker in his furnace since December 12, 1921, puts up motto cards in his basement for encouragement. With this new stimulus, he hopes to be able to announce dislodgement of the clinker in next week's issue of LIFE.

The Poor Man's Luxury

OVERTIPPING is all right if you are poor enough to enjoy it. If you're just moderately poor, it's a bad plan.

There are two ways in which a poor man can fortify his self-esteem: he can take up Socialism, or he can take up overtipping. Overtipping is better because he is sure of his results; goodness knows what can't happen if he takes up Socialism.

A poor man comes to think of overtipping as a kind of recreation, and he finds himself economizing in all sorts of ways in order to treat himself to a good overtip. The pleasure of overtipping (it's getting harder and harder to have every year, for the overtip of yesterday is the insult of to-morrow) lasts longer and goes deeper than that of other forms of amusement; if he succeeds in overtipping he will be thanked warmly and may depart with the comfortable feeling of having made a good impression. This feeling lasts in the proportion of the "over" to the "tip": the more "over" there is the longer the comfort lasts, so that for the price of a theatre ticket a poor man can buy egoism enough to last him three or four days.

Overtipping is no fun to a rich man. The only way he can boost his egoism

is by not tipping at all; this caresses his independence and makes him think he is a free man. The best thing he can do is to overtip for a year, by the end of which time he will be poor enough to enjoy doing it.

Berry Fleming.

The Stranger

LITTLE Nineteen-Twenty-Four, Peeping in the open door, Fair and rosy as a fay, Celebrates his natal day. Still, no mortal may surmise What he hides behind his eyes. Is there just a hint of guile In his winsome baby smile? Is he wiser than he seems? Is he full of crafty schemes? Has he drunk of ancient lore, Little Nineteen-Twenty-Four? Can a babe so tender be Full of wicked sophistry? Little New Year, young but sly, When the Old Year passed you by, Did you from the Future's brink Give him just one naughty wink?

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

Simple Strategy

I SEE the Simpsons have gone to Florida for the winter. They must have made some money."

"No; they've lost a lot this year and are trying to keep people from finding it out."

DOROTHY: How long is it to my birthday?

MOTHER: Not very long, dear.

"Well, is it time for me to begin to be a good girl?"



"GOOD HEAVENS, MAME! THERE GOES OUR FLOORWALKER."



"BETTY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING? STOP IT!"
"WELL, MOTHER, THIS IS THE FACE I'M GOING TO MAKE AT SUSIE BROWN TO-MORROW."

New Year's Eve by Radio

THIS is Station X-X-X. Torrence L. Winesip talking from the Tap-Tap-Tap Room of the Litz Hotel. Although it is still an hour before midnight, preparations for the celebration are in full swing. The head waiter is distributing extra corkscrews to each member of his staff. The orchestra is tuning up. There they go. The first dance. The bass violist has just complained that there are too many G strings on his instrument. The leader asks him which one. They don't seem able to decide. If you'll just stand by a minute. . . . Here's how. . . .

Station X-X-X broadcasting. Several parties are seated by this time in the Tap-Tap-Tap Room of the Litz Hotel. That loud pop you just heard was not what you thought. No! It was merely one of the electric light bulbs exploding. An air of conviviality reigns. Every one is urging every one else to drink. If you'll just stand by one second. . . . Hem! Not bad. . . . Pardon me; that was an aside. . . .

The festival is in full swing by this time. The orchestra is playing almost continuously; all except the bass violist. And—yes, I thought so—there goes the first man being helped out by a pair of waiters. A detective at the door

stops him and inspects his flask. He inspects the detective's. They shake hands. There goes the second man out—and the third. Old-timers say the pace isn't as swift as in former years. People are very friendly, though. No! I don't mind if I do. . . . If you'll stand by a moment. . . . Touches the right spot, doesn't it? . . .

This is Station X-X-X broadcasting. The Litz Hotel orchestra is playing "The Sidewalks of New York." Everybody is singing it, except those who have gone out to look for the sidewalks in question. Too bad! That crash was a full bottle dropped on the floor. There is consternation at the table. People are crying out of sympathy for the victim. It is a very touching scene. Everybody has to do something to drown his sorrow. If you'll please stand by. . . .

Station X-X-X resuming. In a minute the lights will go out. I'll tell you when. Get ready. If you have something for the occasion, grab your glass. Now—one-two-three—there they go. The lights are out. Drink hearty. . . .

They're on again now. The orchestra is playing "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?" Nobody seems to think so. . . . Happy New Year. . . . Station X-X-X signing off. . . .

James K. McGuinness.

• LIFE •

Life Lines

SPIRITUALISM is the belief that your dear, departed grandmother has learned to play the tambourine.

JL

It is announced that California led the country last year in the number of automobile accidents.

Will these Native Sons never stop boasting?

JL

During 1924 there'll be many a slip 'twixt the cup and the leap.

JL

General Pershing has urged a substantial increase in the regular army, and Secretary Denby has asked for \$30,000,000 to modernize the navy. However, every one agrees that the Disarmament Conference was great fun while it lasted.

JL

W. L. George says that beauty is largely a matter of bones. Most of these are pulled by the beauty-contest judges.

JL

A British professor is endeavoring to prove that Mah Jong was known in England as early as 1819. He bases his theory on Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

JL

Both the divorce and the servant problems have apparently been solved by the Frenchman who recently engaged his ex-wife as a cook.

JL

While Congress is reducing taxes it might stop taxing our patience.



A SOLEMN OCCASION AT THE LAW AND ORDER CLUB



New Year Nuances

TO use the last quart to swear off with or to save it a week to resume on.

To attack one's income-tax return oneself or let somebody else falsify it.

To stay in and let the young folks think you are too old to skate or to go out with them and prove it.



The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I have had your note concerning your allowance on my desk for several days, hoping to be able to answer it, but my time has been taken up with trying to borrow money with which to pay my income tax. I am interested in your suggestion that as a married woman you will need only twice as much from me as you had when you were a girl at home because your husband expects to earn something.

I wish it were possible for me to make clear to you that I hold what some people call an original belief. I believe that all husbands should be self-sustaining. Otherwise, they should be covered by the luxury tax. Believe me when I say I have his good at heart. If I doubled your old allowance you yourself could stay within two or three hundred dollars of it every month; I know that from observing your financial operations. But knowing the young man only slightly, as a business man I could not assume the unknown risk.

So send me a financial statement of your household every month, showing the deficit after your husband's earnings are subtracted. I will send you then a check for the amount needed to balance. This, I believe, will tend to help you to cultivate soundness in your financial affairs.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

"DID you give up anything on New Year's?"

"Yes; I gave up giving anything up."





"GOD FORGIVE ME! I KNOW IT'S OUT OF SEASON, BUT BANG—BANG!"

To the Rescue

ANY thinking man will admit, if his thinking leaves him enough spare time to do so, that what American politics needs is more real issues. How can a citizen be expected to take a lively interest in elections that have nothing more definite to offer than the tariff and the rights of the workingman? What makes it harder is that only an expert can see any difference between a Republican and a Democratic platform. All this puts a cruel and unnecessary burden on those devoted patriots whose duty it is to get the vote out.

With the idea, therefore, of stimulating interest in the forthcoming (1924) presidential election, and of giving the candidates something to talk about in their speeches, I have begun getting up a list of live issues. More will be added from time to time, to give the variety referred to by André Tardieu when he said that what is one man's fish is another man's *poisson*. This is the first instalment:

Are four-wheel brakes an improvement?

At what distance from the combatants do seats cease to be ringside?

As an interstate carrier, has the Pullman company the right to make liquid soap compulsory?

Is it not a palpable injustice to the other forty-seven states for California to have all the good crimes?

Granting that all laws should be enforced, what is to be done about the numerous brazen violations of Mendel's law?

Stoddard King.

Ananias, Where Art Thou?

"HAVE you been waiting long, darling?"
"Why, no. Only a minute or two."

* * *

"Do you really think it's becoming?"
"My dear, you look simply adorable in it."

* * *

"And you're sure it's the Real Thing?"
"Say, I saw them unload it off the boat, myself."

* * *

"Are they good seats?"
"Good! They're ringside."

* * *

"What have you been doing all this time?"
"Working hard."

* * *

"Don't you want to take me shopping?"
"I'd like to, dear, but I've got a business appointment."

* * *

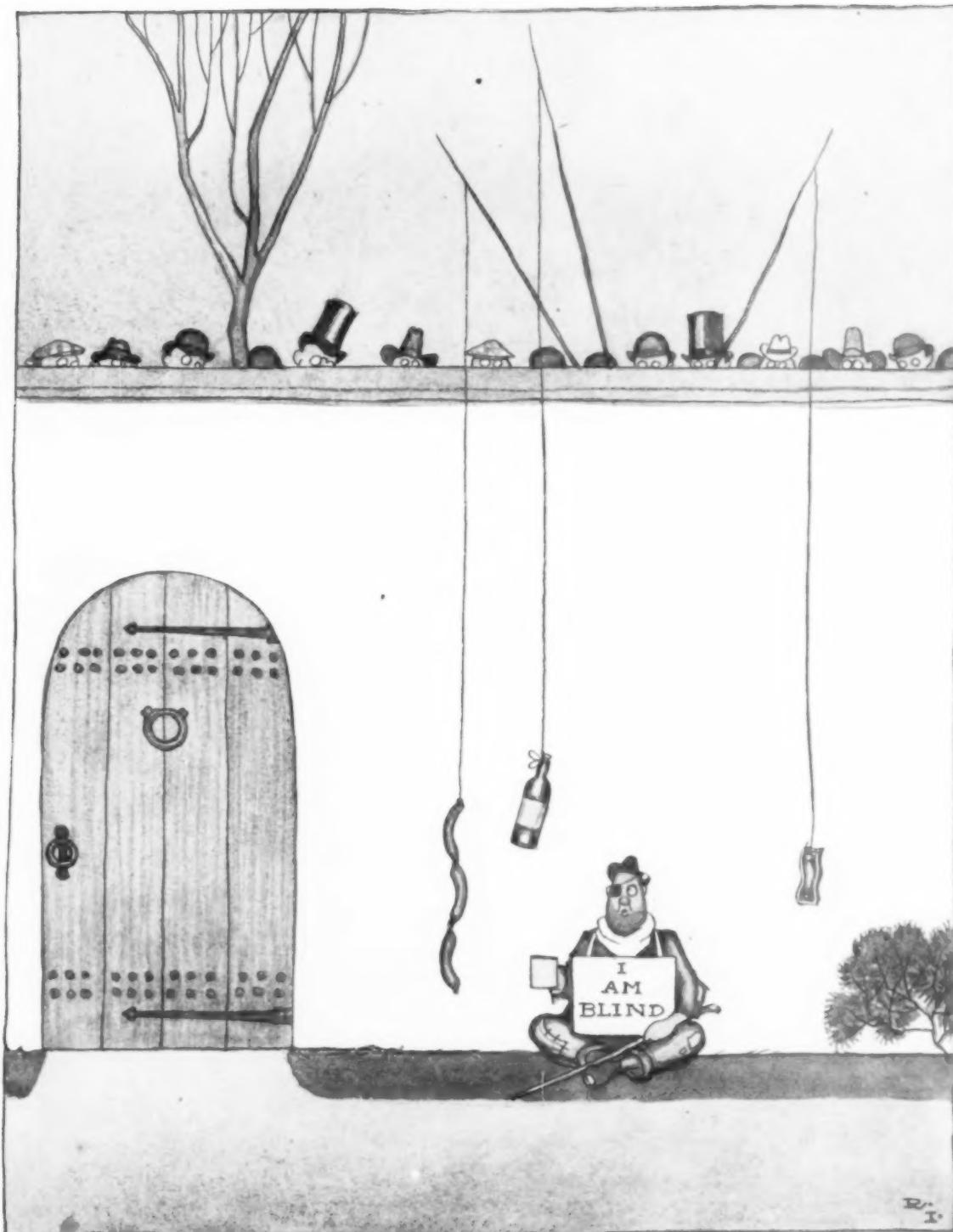
"Have you ever loved another?"
"Never in my life."

C. G. S.

Shelved

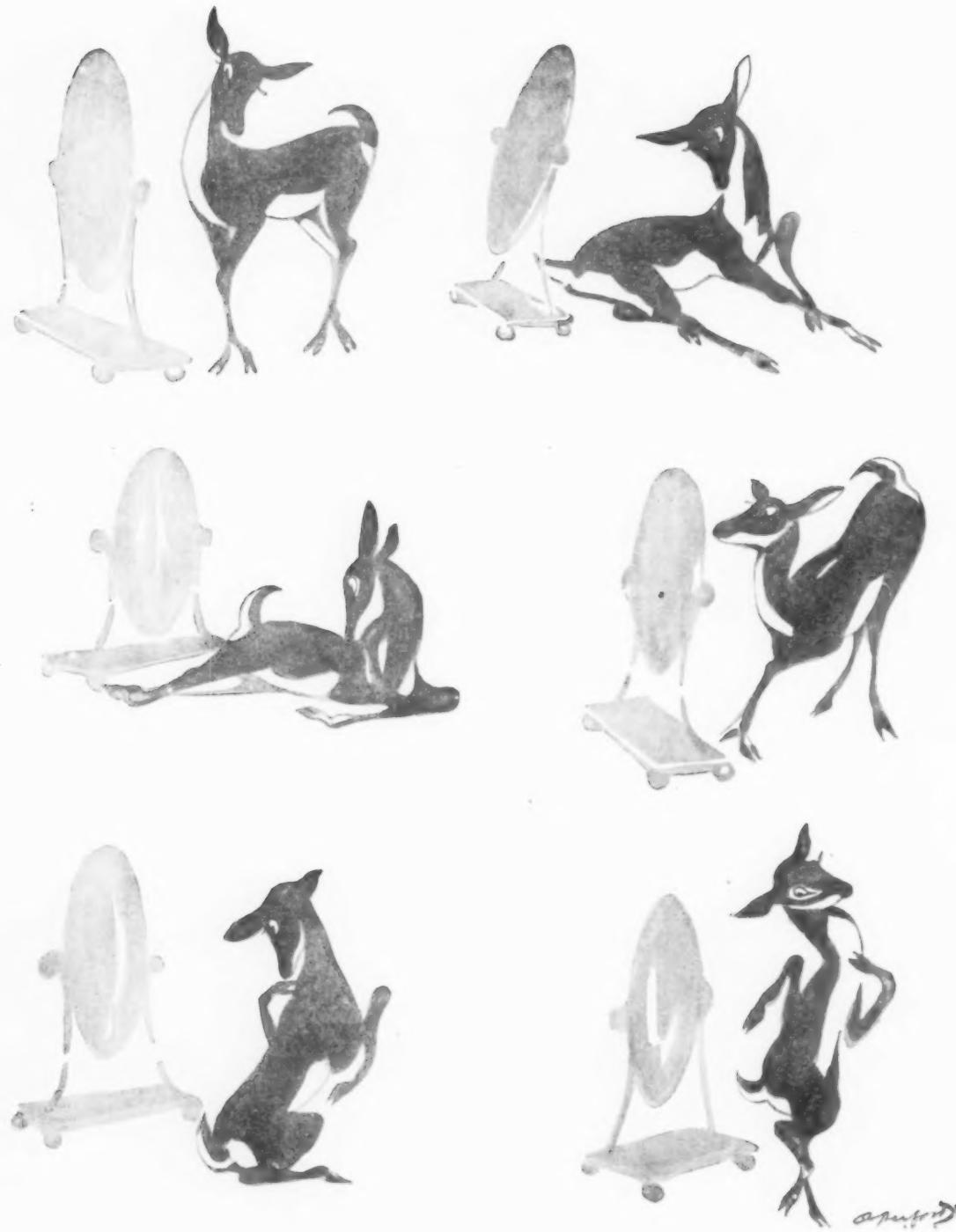
MOTHER: Why did you drop that young man who took you to all the football games?

DAUGHTER: The football season's over.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE ADAGE THAT "THERE IS NONE SO BLIND AS THEY THAT WON'T SEE."



A PERFECT DEER



IN FLORIDA

Tourist: AND IT NEVER FREEZES HERE?
Native: NOT UNTIL YOU'VE BOUGHT AN ORANGE GROVE.

Jail! Jail! The Gang's All There!
Being an Episode in the Life of a Politician

POLITICIAN (*in deep gloom*): The President won't let me go to jail!

WIFE (*sympathetically*): Yes, I know, dear! I think it's a horrid shame. If ever a man deserved a term in jail, it's you.

POLITICIAN (*complainingly*): Lots of worse men than I am have been sent there.

WIFE (*indignantly*): I should say so. Look at that horrid old Mr. Debs. What did *he* ever do to warrant a prison sentence? I'm glad they pardoned him!

POLITICIAN: You'd think they'd surely be willing to let me spend just sixty days in the cooler for contempt of court, anyway—wouldn't you?

WIFE: I certainly would. Still, I suppose they figure everybody feels that way about the court only they don't dare say so. Oh, dear! It doesn't seem as if it were any use trying to do what's wrong in this world! We should have been so looked up to if you could have spent just a little while in prison. It's quite the thing, nowadays.

POLITICIAN (*beginning to forget his own troubles in concern for his wife*): Don't worry too much, honey. There will come other days. I'll think up something else I can do that they can't possibly overlook.

WIFE (*suddenly sitting upright*): Gracious! I had an appointment with the newspaper photographers for three

o'clock. They were to snap me crying over the news of your sentence. I'll have to postpone it.

POLITICIAN: That's too bad, dear. (*He has an inspiration.*) No! Of course you won't have to postpone it. You can be crying because the President has remitted my sentence!

T. H. L.



"BUT YOUR MOTHER IS TOO OLD-FASHIONED, MY DEAR. I'M AFRAID SHE'D BE AWFULLY SHOCKED AT OUR PARTY."
 "SHE EXPECTS TO BE, THAT'S WHY SHE'S DYING TO COME."



THE WEAKEST LINK

"WHERE did I LEAVE MY MEMORY BOOK?"

Not Enough to Worry About

SCENE: Office of the Professional Society-Savers' League. Treasurer Mudge in conference with Secretary Fudge.

MUDGE: Have all those American Bar Association reports that there are 1,500,000 red revolutionaries in the United States plotting to overthrow the Government, gone out?

FUDGE: Fifty thousand of them, with a letter asking for money to help us put down Communism, Bolshevism and discontent, were mailed three weeks ago to lists of the thinking classes; that is to say, to people of means.

"How are the replies coming in?"

"Very slow. They don't seem to realize their danger."

"Get out another letter. Tell them Jim Beck says that the radical red papers in the United States have a circulation of a million copies daily. That indicates that there are 5,000,000 reds in the country. If that doesn't fetch some money we'll have to count as reds all the Minnesota farmers who voted for Magnus Johnson."

W. G.

Put to the Proof

LITTLE LUCY (*to guest*): Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?

MRS. BROWN: Yes, dear, very much.

LITTLE LUCY: That's funny, 'cause Muvver said you haven't any taste.

Song of a Hopeful Heart

OH, time of our lyrical laughter,
Oh, pageant of glittering days,
The glamourous Aprils—and after,
The delicate, mystical Mays!
So gallant and sudden and heedless,
So gayly defiant of regret,
We smiled as we thought how 'twas needless
To vow that we'd never forget
Those galloping days of our blisses,
Alike, and yet never the same,—
But you have forgotten my kisses,
And I have forgotten your name.

Oh, always there's one who remembers,
Who brightens, with memories' glow,
The ponderous, sullen Novembers,
The colorless Winters, and slow.
Why linger in shadowy sadness?
Why drape us in lavender hue?
The red of that magical madness
Our hearts could be wearing anew.
It's only the coward who misses
The glorious rush of the game,—
Try hard to remember my kisses;
I guess I can think of your name.

Dorothy Parker.

*Mrs Pep's Diary***December 27th**

The telephone a-ringing early, and it was E. Wherry wanting to know, against the preparation of some advertising copy, who said that every useful object was beautiful, and I responded, Ananias, mindful that Sam's Aunt Caroline, our richest relative, did give me a vacuum cleaner for Christmas. But Esther wanted a seconding to her suspicion that Ruskin had said it, so I gave it her, for ae might well have. Then up and did on my Kasha costume, and out through the town, giving such frequent regard to my new diamond bracelet that I nearly lost my life in the traffic, but it is so handsome and the stones so much larger than I hoped for that I doubt whether I can ever bring myself to withhold my eyes from it. . . . To luncheon at an inn with Marge Boothby, all inquiry about her old suitor from the West whom she had not seen for ten years, but he had turned up with rubbers and an umbrella, thereby stilling any flutter she might have had even before it arose. I doubt if any quality in a man be more distasteful to a woman than obvious caution.

December 28th

Up betimes, and overjoyed to learn that the slip my servant Virgie dyed for me held its own, it being the only piece of thrift to my credit thus far save the conversion of a pâté de foie gras jar into a receptacle for face powder. And they out to look for a mirror to hang above my Colonial desk, and dreading

the enterprise, too, for the difficulty about antique shops is that I go in searching for a table which I need and emerge with a silver dish which I don't. But I closed my eyes to the earring trays, and purchased naught but the glass. . . . Reading this night in Mistress Cartwright's book about Isabella d'Este, which B. Brown gave me for Christmas because Isabella's personality reminds her of mine. Be that as it may, I regret that our estates are not similar, for Lord! it would be a fine thing to say to a merchant, I will give you so much and no more for that piece of brocade, and get the material straightway.

December 29th

A note from Lydia Loomis on the first post stating that she could not get in for the opera matinee and enclosing her ticket, whereat I asked Samuel if he would like to accompany me, and he accepted with no hesitation soever, nor did the skies crash down, neither. So we lunched at a restaurant on a venison pasty and some salad, and thence to the Metropolitan, I glad that the piece was "Tosca," for, leaving Puccini out of it, never is the value of a good libretto so apparent at the opera as when a man is with you. And Sam marked that Tosca took a drink before knifing Scarpia, and confided to me that gaining courage from Chianti was news to him, whereupon the dowager in front of us turned and gave him a dark look, which delighted us both. *Baird Leonard.*



"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED MUD FOR YOUR COMPLEXION?"

"MY DEAR, I'VE SIMPLY WALLOPED IN IT ALL MY LIFE AND IT'S NEVER DONE ME A BIT OF GOOD."



JANUARY 3, 1924

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"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by

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LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
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THE row in the Protestant Churches about what beliefs are essential is pleasantly accentuated by Dr. Parks' defiance of sundry Bishops of the Episcopal Church who lately met in Texas, and of the proposal to try a clergyman there for deficiency of conviction about the importance of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth. The clergyman, Mr. Heaton, is accepted as a good representative of the more liberal party among the clergy of the Episcopal Church, and the leaders of that party announce to the Bishops that in trying Mr. Heaton for heresy they will be trying about five hundred other clergymen, including the Bishop of Massachusetts and doubtless other Bishops not enumerated. Some clergymen think the story of the Virgin Birth is true to fact; others do not, but that is not what Dr. Parks discusses. What he thinks about it himself he does not disclose, but he says that the Bishops who met in Texas had no power to declare that the Virgin Birth is an essential doctrine of the Episcopal Church, and he is ready to fight them for going beyond their powers and proposing to prosecute a minister whom they have no right to touch.

Well, that is splendid. It is a good detail in a defense of liberty of opinion that is needed now at every turn. Half-baked people, urged by that half-knowledge which is so dangerous a thing, crowd in nowadays to prescribe rules of thought and conduct to their brethren. It is in the churches as it is in politics and everything else. One hears that in one of the Northwestern states, Oregon or Washington, parents are forbidden to send their children to

private schools. In Kansas folks are forbidden to sell cigarettes. In New York City an effort is on to revise school histories in the interest of the Irish and to the disadvantage of the English, and any large group nowadays with an idea that it wants to put over, practices to incorporate it in an amendment of the Constitution. Bryan and his colleagues propose that legislatures shall settle what colleges and schools shall teach. Somehow the Western people, very good people in the main, perhaps the best in the country, have lost the sense of the value of human freedom. They seem to want to put chains on the mind and make rules as to what people shall think, as well as what they shall drink. Any fight against that spirit is timely. If a company of Bishops in Texas say to a clergyman, "You shall believe in the Virgin Birth, or at least say you do, or you are fired," and if four or five hundred clergymen in good standing say to the Bishops who met in Texas, "You are exceeding your powers. You shall not lay a finger on that man," that is a nice fight.



AND remember, the truth or the untruth of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth has nothing to do with the case. That will take care of itself so long as the text of the Bible is left unchanged except as accepted scholars may correct translations. The Bible is important. Bishops are not—at least not very. Neither are the Modernists. They come; they go; and others succeed them. Nothing should happen to

make it less convenient for the next generation, with such new knowledge of spiritual things as may come to it, from forming its own conclusions about Bible stories, and chucking most of the novelties of this generation out of the window if so disposed. Belief in the Bible is not going to diminish, but to increase; not, however, by compulsion, but by increase of understanding. Dr. Parks, valiant and righteous defender of the about-to-be-oppressed, doubts that the axe-head floated for Elisha, or that Balaam's ass talked back at him. But quite likely the best intelligence of the next generation, in the light of fuller knowledge, will accept both stories.

People nowadays don't begin to believe as much as is so. They only believe what they know enough to understand. That's all one should expect of them.



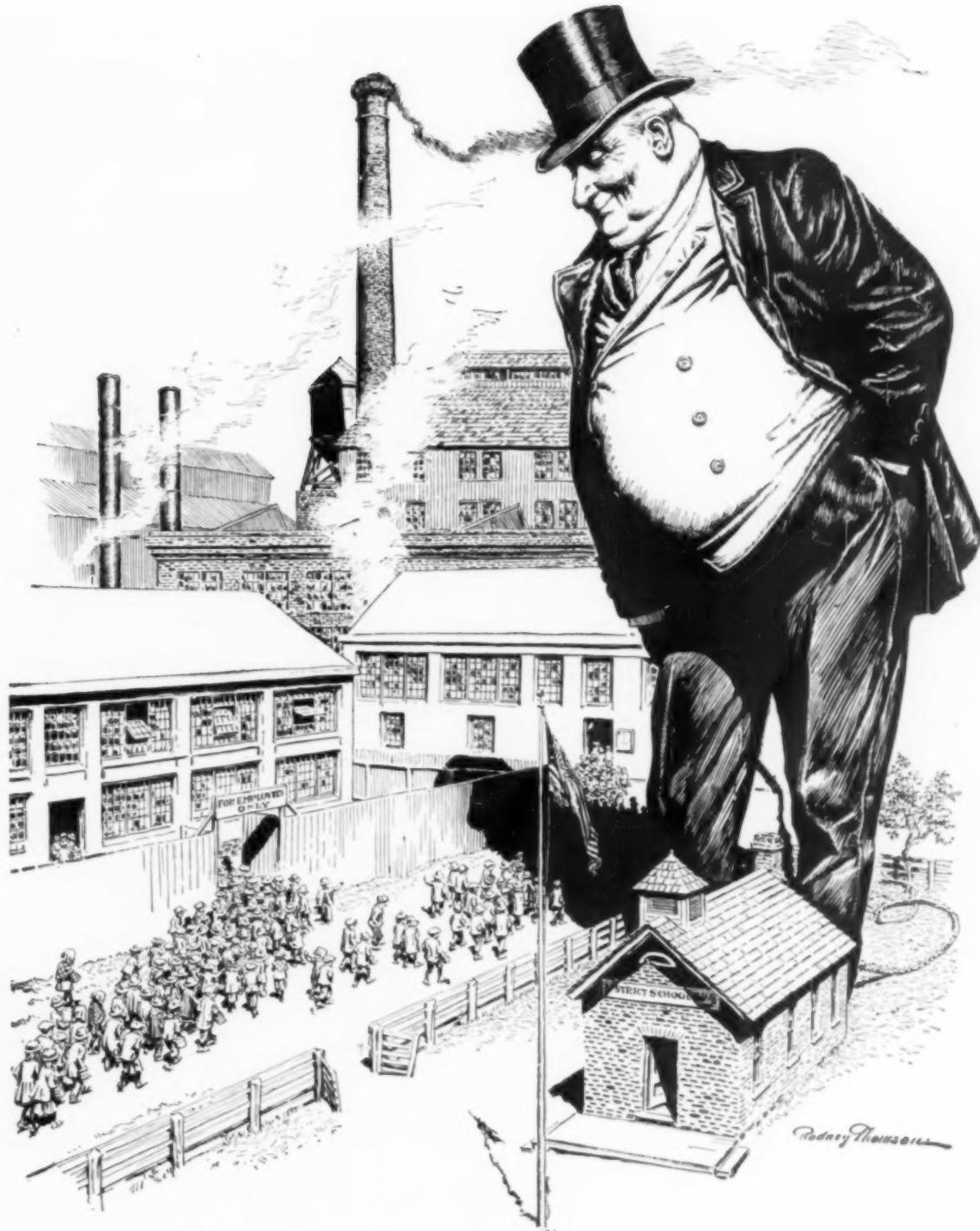
A MASSACHUSETTS man seems to be master of Foreign Affairs for this country, but which of them is he? Is he Calvin, or is he Cabot?

Mr. Coolidge wants a world court. Mr. Lodge endorses his desire in principle, but points out that it can't pass the Senate unless conditions that seem impossible are joined to it.

That is an old story, isn't it? To accept in principle has come to be a synonym for refusal.

Mr. Lodge is perplexing. Why is it that he has been given power over us? Why is it that he is able under the Constitution to block repeatedly the wishes of the majority of the American people and their governmental servants? Is he a wise master who knows better than we do, and practices to keep us out of mischief? Or is he such a minister as Townshend was to George Third, who serves a purpose he does not know and is the tool of a greater intelligence than his own or ours? Townshend's errand, quite unknown to him, was to accomplish the independence of the American colonies. In doing so doubtless he served destiny. But what is Lodge's errand? What is he destined to accomplish by keeping us out of Europe? Something important, no doubt; but something probably that he does not in the least intend or foresee.

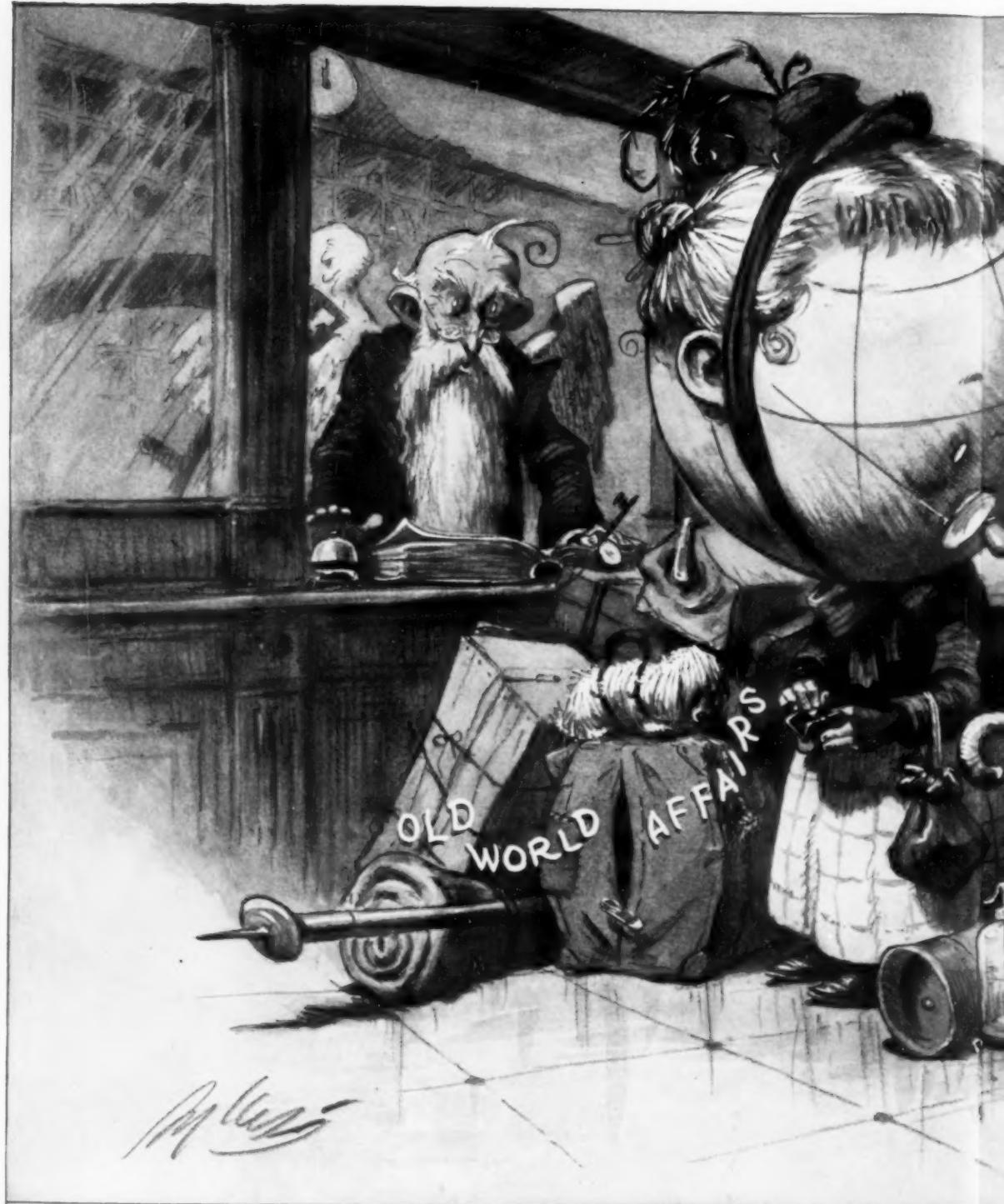
E. S. Martin.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

"HOW MUCH BETTER IT IS (FOR ME) THAT THEY ARE LEARNING SOMETHING PRACTICAL"

LIF



"Front

LIFE ·



"Front!"



Anti-Climax

WE knew last season, after we had written a very sentimental valedictory to the Hippodrome on the occasion of its closing, as we thought, for good; that it would be just our luck to have it reopened again in the fall. A tender farewell from us is usually followed by the object's showing up again in half an hour, having missed the train or forgotten rubbers.

The article that we wrote about the Hippodrome was quite a pretty little piece of work, if we do say it, combining as it did a reminiscent glance backward at the brave spirits who used to haunt the Mammoth Playhouse ("mammoth playhouse" was a name that we got up for it especially for that occasion) and a rather resentful look into the future when the site on Sixth Avenue would be occupied by a hotel. Now they certainly did say that they were going to build a hotel on the Hippodrome site, didn't they?

And here the Hippodrome is open again, with bands playing and lights flashing, and every one of the thousands of people who crowd into the Mammoth Playhouse each day laughing in his sleeve at the sentimental display we made of ourselves last spring.



OF course, the new Hippodrome is not really like the old one. For one thing, the curtain goes *up* at the beginning instead of coming down as it used to. This change is well thought out and is in the interests of sane conformity with established theatrical custom.

For another thing, the new show is under the management of the B. F. Keith organization and will be made up of regular Keith vaudeville features, with changes from week to week. This will make it easier for grown-ups who have to take different shifts of children to the Mammoth Playhouse on various occasions during the season. It will be just as well, however, to keep this weekly-change feature from the children until they are old enough to realize that Daddy is not made of money.

The features on the opening bill were the Sixteen Minerva Beauties and Breitbart the Strong Man. The Minerva Beauties represented *Youth* in a pageant called "Elysia, or the Court of Happiness." Other characterizations in the pageant were *Spring*, *Frivolity*, and *Mirth*. So you will see that the spirit of the old Hippodrome still marches on.

AS for Breitbart, the Strong Man, we are frankly nonplussed. We can understand how a man may be powerful enough to bend an iron bar in fancy designs and per-

haps, if he were feeling very cross, bite an iron chain in two. These things Herr Breitbart does as preliminaries. But when he lies down with his bare back flat on a bed of upturned nails and lets horses stamp over a temporary bridge which he is holding on his chest, the thing reaches a point where it is impossible for us to explain it to the children, and we have to fall back on the old ruse of saying, "Sh-h-h-h! You mustn't whisper in the theatre," trusting that by the time the show is over they will have forgotten that particular question.

There was a certain satisfaction, however, in noting that this incredibly powerful man was suffering from a head-cold. He needn't think he's so smart.



THIS department has never been one to go in for foreign importations in the theatre simply because they are foreign. We didn't like the Chauve-Souris, nor the Moscow Art players' lunges at comedy, and, all other things being equal, we would prefer to have the lines in a play written in English if we are to spend the evening at it.

But we can not see the validity in the generally advanced argument that it is impossible to enjoy a performance in a language one does not understand. "How do you know that he is a good actor," people say, "if you don't know what he is driving at?"

A good actor has a great deal more to offer than a message. He may have a voice with a quality like Katchaloff's, or a range of facial expression like Moskvina's, either of which would make an evening worth while. A motion picture which contains a series of beautifully photographed effects need have no story at all so far as we are concerned.

Even if we knew no Italian, as we do not, the mere presence of Duse is exciting. And we have seldom received a more potent kick from emotional acting than that furnished us by Mme. Tilla Durieux in the German version of "The Shadow." The fact that we caught and recognized an occasional "gesagt" and "gedacht" had nothing to do with it. In fact, it rather spoiled the effect. What we saw was a magnificent actress, with the voice and expression and bearing of a magnificent actress, qualities which are recognizable in any language.

All this seems so obvious as really not to need stating, but you would be surprised at the number of people who look askance at any one who claims to have enjoyed a performance in a foreign language. Also, you would be surprised at how hard it is to fill a page when there are no new plays opening.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Blue Bird. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Maeterlinck's classic in revival.

Chains. *Playhouse*—An honest, if not particularly conclusive handling of the unmarried mother situation.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One-hundred-per-cent drama, revived in splendid fashion by Walter Hampden.

The Dancers. *Ambassador*—Richard Bennett in the regular dinner, well served.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Good murder mystery, with occasional creeps.

The Lady. *Empire*—Buck-eye at its best, with Mary Nash as the consistently virtuous heroine.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore better than most clowns with the Breaking Heart. Dandy rain in the last act.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed kidding the vice-investigators.

The Miracle. *Century*—To be reviewed next week.

Pelleas and Melisande. *Times Square*—Field Day at the Asylum. Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters lending a human touch.

Rain. *Moxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in what looks like a hit.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Extra-heavy theatre, popular with every one except us.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—The old story, laid in the mountains instead of on Broadway.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—An excellent study of backwoods emotions under stress of the war.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Good American middle-class drama of what the police call "sex."

White Cargo. *Greenwich Village*—The deleterious effect of tropical heat on the moral fiber.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Happy New Year!

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Very nice fooling, with Cyril Maude.

The Business Widow. *Ritz*—Leo Ditzstein and Lola Fisher in a very tepid mixture.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—A distinguished cast (including Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton and Laura Hope Crews) in an intelligent comedy.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Marriage under discussion after the fashion of comedy marriage discussion.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge in Good Cheer.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Moderately amusing adventures of the long-lost husband who returns. Mary Boland plays the wife for comedy.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Gun-play and dish-smashing combined in what is, oddly enough, a funny farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The Other Rose. *Morosco*—To be reviewed next week.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—The best thing of its kind since "The First Year."

Sancho Panza. *Hudson*—Otis Skinner in a pleasantly fantastic story of old Spain.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Excellent dirt, with an excellent cast, including Arthur Byron, Violet Heming, Estelle Winwood and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—One of the season's best, with Eva Le Gallienne as the Princess who tries unsuccessfully to step out.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in a farce which begins badly but grows louder and funnier.

The Wild Westcotts. *Frazee*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Smoking-room stuff. Frank Fay gets several laughs.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Containing some of the best specialties in town.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Get "I Love You" on your Victor and play it at home.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni in several changes of costume.

Mr. Battling Butler. *Selwyn*—One or two pleasant tunes and some comedy by Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Beautiful girls on gold elevators. Frank Tinney assisting.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—A French distillation, formerly called "Ta Bouche." Jack Hazzard

and Ada Lewis handling what is left of the comedy.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Worth seeing for W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy alone.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly. *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—Negro show of the first order.

Sharlee. *Daly's*—Is this still running?

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—An elaborate show featuring Fred Stone and his agile daughter.

Topics of 1923. *Broadhurst*—Delysia is in it, but it is a generally good revue at that.

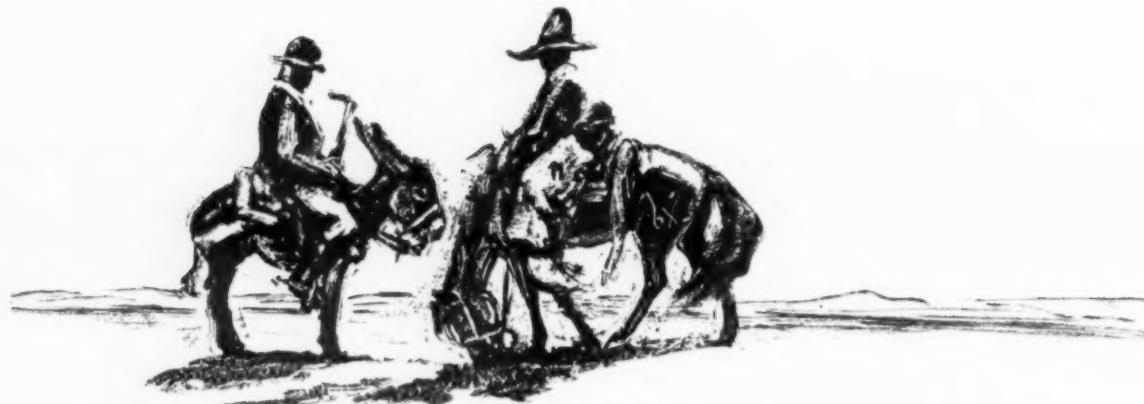
Wildflower. *Casino*—Music that you don't mind hearing again.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—We can't keep track of the changes in cast, but Fannie Brice is probably still in, which is something.

ROBERT
MALONE



MAX REINHARDT, THE MIRACLE MAN



Ross Santee

The Tourist: HOW FAR IS IT TO DENVER?
The Cow-Person: OH, 'BOUT FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILES AS THE CROW FLIES.
"AS THE CROW FLIES! MY WORD, WHAT A HARDY CREATURE!"

Time Tables

Mr. Ruffles Buys Some Knickers

1:30—Mr. Ruffles enters Twill Brothers' to buy anniversary present for his wife. Looks anxiously for male person to whom he may confide his wants. Tries to reach aisle-man but is headed off by saleswoman who asks him what he wishes. Feels trapped but replies with an air of boldness, "Women's knickerbockers." Wishes he could stop blushing. Nothing to blush about. Knickers for wife!

1:31—"Miss Smythe," calls woman brazenly, "some knickerbockers for this gentleman." Mr. Ruffles feels like telling her they are for wife. Refrains.

1:32—Miss Smythe, after proffering ultra-modern things designed for women golfers, learns that he wishes silk underwear. Smiles annoyingly and calls in a voice that attracts attention of all in department, "Miss Grean! Please show this gentleman some silk knickers." Mr. Ruffles wishes he had never entered store but decides he must see thing through.

1:33—"Er—" he begins to Miss Grean, a sophisticated-looking person with penciled eyebrows, "I'd like some silk knickers and shirts. They're for my wife, you know." Adds the latter to dissipate impression he is a gay gallant as her manner seems to indicate she believes. Wishes he hadn't, when she replies confidentially, "Oh, yes; I know. Would you like 'step-ins' or 'envelopes'?" Doesn't know what either are but answers, "Step-ins," rather than prolong the discussion. They sound handier, too.

1:34—Hopes stout woman who has stopped at counter and is eying him disapprovingly, as if on a slumming expedition, will go away. Wishes, also, that sales-clerk wouldn't take things out of box and dangle them in the air for every one to see.

1:35—"What size?" asks the girl, rolling her eyes at him. Mr. Ruffles can only think of the phrase, "a perfect thirty-six." He waves vaguely at a pair she is exhibiting and says, "Thirty-six. Three pairs like that." Again wishes that the other customer would go away. Reflects how embarrassing it would be if she were a friend of his wife's.

1:36—Pays for purchase and says he will take it with him.

The next fifteen minutes seem like all afternoon; is sure that the entire store is discussing him and his private affairs. Regrets he did not have knickers sent.

1:52—Offers devout prayer of thanks as he receives bundle and change. Is conscious of sharp glance from same fat woman as he goes. Resolves never again to buy underwear for his wife, not even if she lives to be a hundred.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.



"YOU CARELESS ASS—THAT JUST MISSED ME!"



Maud: DOES CAROL GO FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS FOR HER DIVORCES?
Beatrix: NOT EXACTLY; SHE COMES FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK FOR HER MARRIAGES.

The Insidious Advertisement

SHOPPING is getting to be a science requiring all the concentration and power of the human brain. Time was when a bachelor in need of an egg could enter a store, produce the required money, and *buy* an egg. But this was long ago. Nowadays the purchase of an egg requires almost a college education. Without the proper preparation, a man will come out of a store thinking he has an egg, and when he looks into the bag in his hand he will find that he has bought coffee. If he is interested in the reason for things, he may look round the entrance to the store, and he will see near-by the coffee advertisement that subtly impressed itself on his subconscious mind as he went in.

Say a man starts out in the morning with a clear mind, determined at all costs to buy an egg, how can he go about making sure that he will ask for what he wants? (In wanting an egg he has picked out about the most difficult commodity on the market to buy; he would do well to live on something more generally advertised—but, say an egg.) There is only one safe way to go about it; he will have to walk the streets until he finds an advertisement for eggs and read this over and over for fifteen minutes. By the end of ten minutes a balance will have been obtained between eggs and the other products whose advertisements he

has unwittingly seen on the way; by the end of fifteen minutes, if he rushes into the nearest store, he will stand a fairly good chance of being able to ask for an egg.

And it is the same with all other purchases: unless the subconscious mind is duly prepared by being saturated with a study of the advertisement of the desired article, it is almost certain that a man will buy something he has no earthly use for.

Nowadays the average person can't even want what he wants.

Berry Fleming.

Happy New Year!

WELCOME, 1924! Welcome to a world of quandaries and tangles, of problems and dilemmas. You will be with us for just twelve months, they say. Let us hope that you will enjoy us, and that we, likewise, shall enjoy you. You will certainly be full of surprises—pleasant ones, we trust. And thrills, and throbs, and trials. And, of course, you will give us an occasional laugh. Even if the joke is on us. What do you say?

Welcome, 1924! Dip into the punch bowl, draw up a chair, and let us talk it over.

• LIFE •
Broadcastings
By Montague Glass

IN "Pastiche and Prejudice," A. B. Walkley tells of an English clergyman who began a sermon: "Saint Paul says—and I partly agree with him—." Well, St. John Ervine says—and I partly agree with him—that the theatre is going to the dogs because it has become effeminate in that women have not the courage to face the spectacle of tragedy, and therefore the stage is occupied principally with comedy, farce and musical revues. Where I agree with him is that the stage is occupied principally with comedy, etc. Few Americans concerned in the business of the theatre will agree with the rest of his dictum. In America, it is the men who have not the courage, or at least the inclination to witness tragedy. At any rate, in comparing the box-office statements of two successes, one a farce and one a drama, the drama, especially if it possess strong situations, will do a splendid business at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. These are attended, of course, almost exclusively by women.

The farce will, on the other hand, lose money at matinees.

This seems to be pretty conclusive proof that the feminine influence in the theatre, as exerted over the window of the box office, makes for tragedy and not comedy. Nor do I agree with Mr. Ervine that a theatre occupied principally with comedy is necessarily going to the dogs. But then Mr. Ervine's opinion may be slightly tinted by self-interest. Mr. Ervine wrote "John Ferguson," in which the principal character suffered a stroke of paralysis some time before the rise of the curtain. His condition shows no real improvement throughout the play, and the audience has a splendid oppor-

tunity to see the progress of his disease, because for three solid acts *John* is seated dead center, while people bring the news to him (a) that his daughter has been betrayed by the mortgagee of his home, (b) that his son has shot the mortgagee and (c) that the murderer has been hanged for it. It will be observed that Mr. Ervine makes some concession to the sensibilities of his audience if not to the art of playwriting by having all this acute tragedy happen off-stage. Or perhaps Mr. Ervine, as a champion of tragedy in

denials from both the alleged murderers. They might be murderers, but by the lord Harry, they were *respectable* murderers, and it wouldn't be at all surprising if they prosecuted an action for libel against the newspaper. In times like these, when vice is regarded popularly as so much more serious than crime, newspapers must be exceedingly careful of what they say about murderers.

* * *

A CASTILIAN who wishes to speak the English language with idiomatic correctness and perfect pronunciation would do well to consult "*El Interprete De Bollillio, Inglés Español*," published by the Sonora News Company of Mexico City. For example, there is the question: "*Juéar du ú teik sópar?*" This to a Spaniard is nothing more or less than the phonetic equivalent of: "Where do we take supper?" If I were a Mexican contemplating a visit to the United States, I think I should take lessons in interpretative dancing from the Sara Jeanette Duncan School of

Interpretative Dancing, or whatever the name is, and instead of trying to speak English, I would waltz it, thus avoiding lockjaw and perhaps making myself better understood.

* * *

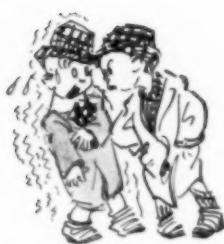
YOU will remember the bootlegger who righteously declined to sell his client a bottle of absinthe upon the ground that it was against the law to sell absinthe. In Los Angeles the other day, a man and his wife were accused of a particularly atrocious murder committed in the course of an unsuccessful burglary. One of the newspapers hinted that the lady, who was captured practically red-handed, had not been divorced from a former husband and that her marriage to her fellow murderer was therefore bigamous. This brought forth indignant



THE MOVIE PROP MAN WHO LIVES IN THE SUBURBS UTILIZES HIS WIND MACHINE TO KEEP HIS LAWN FREE OF SNOW.

A MARRIED couple and their little daughter were spending a pleasant week-end in the family of some friends who had just arrived from Sweden. The little girl had been playing violently and before luncheon she complained of a headache. Her anxious parents asked the host if he had a clinical thermometer, and the child's temperature was immediately taken with a small Swedish thermometer,

(Continued on page 27)



Butch: YOU RINSED-OUT
LITTLE TOAD, DO YA WANTS
MAKE ANYTHING OUT'S
IT?
Skippy: HOW'S TRICKS?



Butch: YA GOT A FACE
LIKE A PIE ON PARADE.
Skippy: I DON'T MIND A
LITTLE GOOD-NATURED KID-
DING ONCE IN A WHILE.



Skippy: 'N' THEN I SEZ,
"I DON'T CARE IF YA ARE
ONE OF THE LOCAL BOYS—
KEEP IN YOUR OWN SIDE
OF TOWN."



"I'LL HAVE THAT GUY
WRITIN' BEGIN' LETTERS
FOR WOODEN KNUCKLES
'N' PULLEYS YET."



Skippy: I GRABS 'IM 'N'
SEZ, "Y'LL HAND YASELF
A PAIR OF GLASS EYES!"



"TWEET! TWEET!"



Skippy: THEN I BEGIN TO
BUTTER HIM WITH MY
LEFT.



"WHEN THE DOCTOR GETS
FINISHED STITCHIN' HIM
HE'LL BE ABLE TO SEW
DOILIES."



"'E COAXES IN ME LEFT."



"'N' O' COURSE IT FLATTENS
HIM."



"UP HE GETS—A GAME BOY,
O'LEARY! OH, GAME!"



"BUT HE TRIES TO BOX, SO
IN CRASHES MY RIGHT."



"HE WAS OUTCLASSED FROM
THE START, BUT THE RIGHT
CRUMPLES HIM UP."



"WHO, ME, O'LEARY?
SEZ, 'ME?'"



"I HELD OUT MY JAW UNTIL HE FLATTENS HIS
KNUCKLES 'N' THEN A THREE-INCH CHOP PLASTERS
HIM FLATTER'N A SHADOW."

Skippy Describes an Encounter with Butch O'Leary

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Anna Christie"

WHEN it was announced that Thomas H. Ince would convert "Anna Christie" into a movie, a large delegation of admirers of Eugene O'Neill marched down to the waterfront and prepared to jump in. They pictured *Anna Christie*, on the screen, as a pampered darling of the younger set, whose worst offense against the moral laws had been her predilection for petting parties.

However, the film version of "Anna Christie" has been released, and the suicide squad of O'Neill fans may now march back from the dock district, undampened by contact with "dat ole davil sea." The piece is still called "Anna Christie," and its heroine's character and profession remain exactly as they existed in the alert, observant mind of Eugene O'Neill.

IN fact, "Anna Christie" is an exceptionally worthy effort. None of the realism which provided the vital strength of the original play has been lost; the physical action is subdued, but the emotional force is profound and terrible. Those who see "Anna Christie" will feel that they have looked into a dark place and discovered there a reflection of fierce, vibrant life.

This is due in a large measure to the splendid performance of Blanche Sweet as *Anna*. Miss Sweet plays this harrowing rôle with less restraint than did Pauline Lord; but she is self-contained and appealing at all times. There is also good work by George Marion and the firmly built William Russell.

"Anna Christie" is a fine thing for the movies to have achieved. When there are more pictures of its quality, there will be less talk about the stupidity of the silent drama.

"Tiger Rose"

LIKE "Anna Christie," "Tiger Rose" originated on the speaking stage; unlike "Anna Christie," it was obviously destined to become a rattling

good movie before it had ended its public career. It was therefore a much better bet for the box office; it is not, however, a much better picture.

"Tiger Rose" is above the average of its type, but not far enough above that average to escape from the "faint praise" stigma. It is strong melodrama, with beautiful photographs of the great north woods, a fine characterization by Lenore Ulric and several well-developed thrills.

Sidney Franklin displays in "Tiger Rose" the same subtlety of expression that marked his direction of "Brass." In Miss Ulric he has found a player who can carry out his ideas eloquently and intelligently.

You will unquestionably like "Tiger Rose"—but I doubt whether your enthusiasm will go much farther than that.

"The Virginian"

ANOTHER ascent from the Western-melodrama average is recorded in "The Virginian," which is adapted from Owen Wister's novel. The story was held for a long time by Douglas Fairbanks, who threatened to impersonate the cowboy hero at any

moment; but he finally transferred it to Preferred Pictures, and the current film is the result.

The Virginian himself is played by Kenneth Harlan, a stalwart young actor who has always been classified in the secret files of this department under the heading, "Slightly Ham." His card is now moved to a more respectable position, for his work in this picture is eminently sincere, straightforward and vigorous.

"Our Hospitality"

BUSTER KEATON, in the course of his career onward and upward as a merchant of mirth, has graduated from the two-reel comedy class and is now playing around in full-fledged features. His glorious humor is the same as it was in the humbler days, but it is spread on much thinner.

In "Our Hospitality," his latest long comedy, he has contrived a few situations of great comic value; but he has protracted them beyond their natural length, and has given the bloom a chance to wear off.

"Our Hospitality" is a story of the old South, with Buster as the innocent center of a relentless feud. He dodges bullets, he scales sheer precipices, and he rescues the heroine at the brink of a tremendous waterfall. There is plenty of it that is terribly funny, and plenty that is exciting—but there is too much of everything.

Coming Next Week!

THE arrival of a new Cecil B. De Mille production is always an event of great importance to the movie world in general, and is usually celebrated by the explosion of fireworks on this page.

Next week, the *biggest* of all the De Mille superfilms, "The Ten Commandments," will be subjected to review on this page, and those who are waiting to disagree with my verdict will do well to order their copies now.

Robert E. Sherwood,



JACKIE COOGAN IN "LONG LIVE THE KING!"



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When It Hurts

Th' worst thing about bein' a parent is havin' a little tired child come home from school ever' evenin' loaded down with algebras, histories, French text books, an' writin' pads, an' believin' we know enough t' help it if we would.

—Abe Martin, in *Indianapolis News*.

Telephone Manners

THE TELEPHONE: I'm afraid it's the wrong number. Very sorry to have troubled you.

HORACE (politely): Oh, not at all. Thank you for having me.

—Cambridge Granta.

Home Produce!

From a greengrocer's shop:
REAL SPANISH ONIONS
NONE OF YOUR FOREIGN RUBBISH
SOLD HERE.
—London Daily News.



A DAY'S SHOOTING

First Sportsman: IT'S GETTING AWFULLY LATE AND WE HAVEN'T HIT A THING YET.

Second Sportsman: LET'S MISS TWO MORE AND THEN GO HOME.

—London Mail.

Oxford
Not keenlier does a Jew
Recall Jerusalem,
Than those who Oxford knew,
The spell she cast on them;
Once printed on the brain,
She is indelible,
In heaven recalled again,
And in the depths of hell.

Her towers, gardens, streams,
In memory's mirror caught,
Visit her sons in dreams,
And color all their thought;
Exiles in east and west,
They hear her sweet bells chime,
And carry in their breast
A love, defying time.

—C. Field, in *The Westminster Gazette*.

Pertinent Question

"I give my husband no cause for fault-finding."

"Does that help matters any?"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you believe in sleeping out of doors?"

"Not while I can pay the rent."

—Boston Transcript.

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Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

so that the temperature proved to be thirty-seven degrees Celsius. Among those present at the luncheon were two college professors, and their aid was enlisted for the purpose of finding out just how many degrees Fahrenheit were represented by thirty-seven degrees Celsius. They immediately set to work with pencil and paper. The child fell asleep, the luncheon grew cold, algebraical problems in permutations and combinations were performed, the Law of Large Numbers was invoked, and these two college professors had arrived at no result satisfactory to any intelligent parent when one of the maids came into the room and announced that the little girl had awakened and had consumed three large slices of bread and butter and a pint of certified milk. It was concluded without further calculation that thirty-seven degrees Celsius was the equivalent of a little over ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. This was subsequently confirmed by a comparative table of thermometric scales and the fact that the little girl topped off her meal with two helpings of chocolate ice cream.



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Two fascinating cruises—29 days each—by the palatial **ORCA**, 25,500 tons displacement. Delightful shore excursions—splendid itinerary. Rates \$250 up.

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Regular service by the famous "O" steamers.
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The Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"MINNIE writes from Chicago she is going to economize and save money for Harold in the new year. I suppose she means she is going to wave her own hair. It made me think of the time Lamech and I lived down in Peoria and he was making forty dollars a month. We saved fifteen dollars a month six months straight. What Minnie means is that Harold may not have to borrow to eke out his scanty earnings of fifteen thousand a year.

"Last year I visited her during one of her fits of economy. She started that new year right by paying two hundred and fifty dollars to have a hundred-dollar fur coat made over. Even if she is my daughter I could not help feeling sorry for Harold. Lamech used to say Harold had a simple nature; I wouldn't say it quite that way.

"Minnie told me that time in great glee that she had saved forty dollars by buying olive oil in bulk. She had thirty gallons of it stored in the maid's room of a kitchenette apartment. I told her I thought she might save as much as a hundred by getting their oatmeal by the carload. But she didn't get me; she went on to tell me that she had figured out that if they dined out every night her efficiency would be increased to the value of a thousand a year."

McC. H.



Virginia Hot Springs ~ the foremost thermal resort in America

After a morning in the saddle the famous baths are a wonderful tonic.

The waters are higher in radio-activity than those at Baden-Baden or Carlsbad.

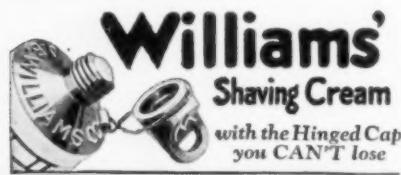
And winter is the best time to take the cure.

The HOMESTEAD
Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia

Booklets and information on request.



Father says that one out of seven marriages ends in separation, when he was shaving he said seven out of seven ordinary tubes get a divorce from their caps, father looks funny when he hunts for his lost cap, he says go away wallace and shut the door tight so you can't hear me not finding the cap.



Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK



Always a Gamble

The uncertainty of the cotton market is illustrated by the following conversation overheard between two colored men in a Texas town:

GEORGE (displaying a roll of bills): See here, Sam, Ah's been on de Boahd dis mornin'.

SAM: Ah sees. But you won't have it to-morrah! You can't never tell about dis cotton market. It's liable to go up, or it's liable to go down, or it's liable to fluctuate!—*Outlook*.

Pathetic Diffidence

"Why didn't you shout 'Fore'?" raged the injured golfer when the culprit behind had walked up to apologize.

"Really," stammered the beginner contritely, "I'm most awfully sorry, but, you see, the fact is there's no point in my ever shouting 'Fore,' because I never know for certain that I'm going to strike the darned ball."

—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

All Jazzed Up

"Your husband is suffering," said the doctor, "from syncopated heart."

Much impressed, the pair returned home and consulted the dictionary. When they read: "Syncopated—moving quickly from bar to bar," their already high opinion of the doctor became a matter of awe.—*London Daily News*.

After the Storm

SCENE—*Village Post Office*.

STRANGER: May I use the telephone?
POSTMISTRESS: I'm afraid it's out of order, sir. You see, Colonel Crusher left his golf clubs in the train yesterday, and he's just been telling the railway company about it.

—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

The Odd Egg

When the twenty-five dinosaur eggs discovered in Mongolia were unpacked in New York one of them was found to contain the skeleton of a baby dinosaur. There have been no complaints about the other two dozen.—*Punch*.

CHIEF OF POLICE: How can you tell when a man's going fast enough for you to take his number?

APPLICANT FOR SPEED COP: When he's going too fast for you to make it out.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

"WHAT would you call actors who alternate between the stage and the screen?"

"Hamphibians." —*Kansas City Star*.

Hair Stays Combed, Glossy

Millions Use It—Few Cents
Buys Jar at Drugstore



Even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stays combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions. "Hair-Groom" is greaseless; also helps grow thick, heavy, lustrous hair. Beware of greasy, harmful imitations.



The Hotel BERMUDIANA

Modern, fireproof, steel-frame building. Exquisite interior decorations. Equipment and service unsurpassed. Telephone and hot and cold water in every room. All outdoor sports. Excellent restaurants, cafe, billiards, dancing, concerts.

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- Furness Bermuda Line, Desk B, 34 Whitehall Street, New York.



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TAPESTRIES
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New York

Paris

How to Resolute

Good resolutions have bad reputations. Won't stay made. But try our new kind. Guaranteed one year.

We will not make a million dollars in 1924. This resolution, you will find, is unbreakable.

We will let Wednesday come between Tuesday and Thursday. This is not quite so strong as the one above.

We will kiss any girl who wants us to kiss her. A million years old and never been broken.

We will not have two nights without a day between. Good, but weak compared with one above.

We will pay our taxes as we should. Those too rich to pay taxes should not resolve this one.

We will pay too much rent during 1924. This resolution hasn't been broken for years and years.

We will let Congress forget why it was elected. Just try to break this one. We dare you to try. *T. S.*



"HANG IT ALL!" with the aid of **WHITING-ADAMS** **BRUSHES**

There's one that's right for every
paper-hanger's need.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years and the
Largest in the World

The large end tuft makes it easy to reach and clean all teeth. This is the perfect tooth brush.



pro-phy-lac-tic.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES CLOCKS

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SEVEN-AND-EIGHTY YEARS OF QUALITY

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37th STREET

NEW YORK

Confessions of a Tea Fighter

I DELIGHT in tea parties. They are so stimulating. While some one cracks the ice, some one else is pouring out the gin and vermouth, or squeezing the lemons, or looking for the absinthe.

I am always in a good humor at tea parties—particularly if there is an ample stock on hand. The rattle of the cocktail shaker is sweet music to my ears.

I have attended tea parties that lasted from five in the afternoon until six the following morning. I have attended others that lasted for several days. I consider Prohibition responsible for most of them. There seem to be more every day.

I delight in tea parties, though I have never drunk a cup of tea in my entire life. *C. G. S.*

DURING leap year the heart of the world should skip a beat.

SOFT FOODS cause tender GUMS



tender gums bring trouble to teeth

ROUGH, COARSE FOOD once gave to the gums a healthy stimulation, but modern food, soft and creamy, gives little or no exercise, and gums today are growing soft and flabby.

They are unable to cushion and nourish the teeth correctly, and in consequence, teeth today are less healthy — more subject to decay, to pyorrhea and to other infections.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Ask any dentist. He will tell you how tooth troubles due to soft gums are on the increase. Probably he will also tell you that Ipana is the great enemy of the "pink toothbrush" and how he prescribes its use to keep the gums healthy and firm.

In stubborn cases of soft and spongy gums, he may also advise a gum massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Trial Tube

Ipana not only takes care of your gums, but cleans the teeth perfectly. And its taste, as you will find if you send for a trial tube, is unforgettable good.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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Co.
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N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____



Can This Be She?

OUT of the great, cold North comes Christian Leden, a Norwegian explorer, with word that the Eskimo girls are the only perfect women on earth. This is news—BIG news—and it will earn for Mr. Leden many a glowing headline before his startling statement has outlived its usefulness.

The Skeptics' Society, however, has heard of this and is frankly dubious about the whole thing. When the sensational "Perfect Woman Found Among Eskimo Tribes" story first broke, a meeting of the Skeptics was called and the matter was laid upon the table for dissection. Mindful of their watchword, "Don't believe anything until further notice," the members decided to send a committee to the exclusive Arctic Circle, and to put Mr. Leden's bold statement to the test.

A set of questions was drawn up, and it will be submitted to as many Eskimo women as the Skeptics' committee is able to meet socially. The examination paper follows:

"When you call a friend by telephone, do you disclose your identity at once, or do you say first, 'Guess who this is'?"

"When invited to a football or baseball game by a male admirer, do you ever take the trouble to learn any of the rules of the game beforehand?"

"If Rudolph Valentino and Charles Evans Hughes were contesting for the presidency of Greenland, which would you vote for? Would you vote for either?"

"Do you ever insist on sitting in when your husband is entertaining some friends at a game of poker?"

"How long does it take you to match a piece of mauve ribbon?"

"In which direction do you face when you dismount from a street car?"

"How many recipes for desserts do you know?"

"How many times, to a sentence, do you use the phrase, 'I mean'?"

"What percentage of your conversation is devoted to discussions of operations that you have undergone in the past?"

"When you taste a cocktail, do you feign violent intoxication after the first sip?"

"Have you ever hoped that your male friends would know you as a 'good fellow'?"

"Do you consider that baby-talk is irresistibly charming?"

If a sufficient number of Eskimo women can give satisfactory answers to these questions, the Skeptics' Society will pass a resolution to the effect that they have actually found the real one-hundred-per-cent. Wonder Girl. If not, Christian Leden will be stripped of his laurels as an explorer and a judge of women.

R. E. S.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic acid ester of Salicylic acid.



SIZE of sheets 6 x 7; envelopes to match. Neatly printed in rich, dark blue ink on white National Bank Bond—a superior paper. This household stationery is used in better homes everywhere. To handle our enormous volume of business with dispatch the U.S. Government has established a branch Post Office in our plant. Remit with order. If inconvenient at the post office, will ship P.O.D. West of Denver and outside of U. S. add 10 per cent. Money refunded if you are not wholly satisfied.

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FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

**Watch your gums—
bleeding a sign of trouble**

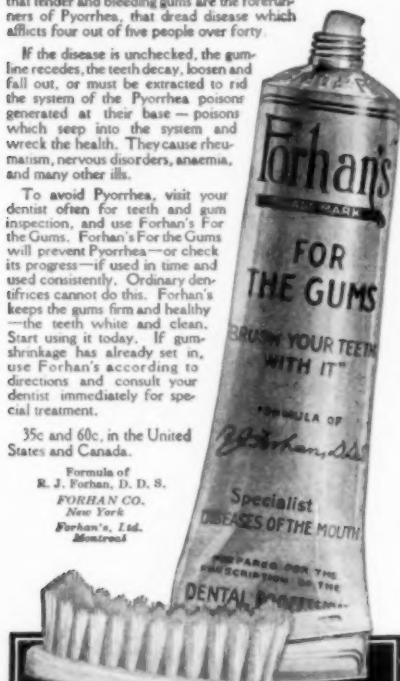
MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhœa, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhœa poison generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

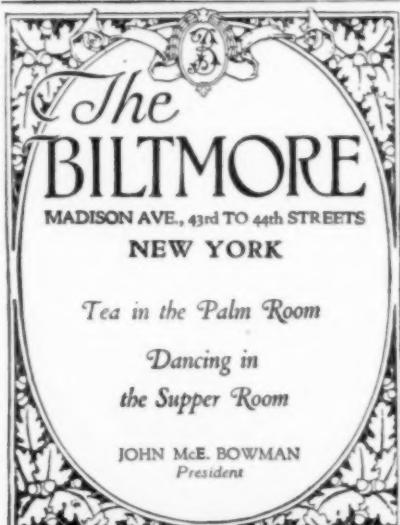
To avoid Pyorrhœa, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's for the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinking has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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**Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS**



**Relief
for Coughs**

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults.
A pleasant syrup. No opiates.
35c and 60c sizes sold everywhere

Heredity

ALEXANDER HAMILTON said, with a deep bow,

"Your tiny feet tripping down the garden paths

Put the fluttering butterflies to shame,
So swift and graceful are their journeys.

The very flowers stoop to kiss them as they pass,

I swear you have the prettiest feet in all New York!"

My great-grandmother dropped him a curtsey,

And with nicely lowered eyes replied,
"I thank you kindly, sir!"

Wrapped in an aging cloth,
Old ivory-tinted,

Her satin slippers
Lie in a brass-bound trunk
In a country attic.

Richard Hamilton said, in a kindly way,
Giving me a pat upon my shoulder,

"Your feet running down the subway
stairs to catch a train

Would put the aeroplanes to shame;
Even the subway guards in the rush
hour

Stop to watch them as they pass.
Believe me, dear, you have the best-

looking feet
In little old New York."

I laughed and said,

"Who taught you the gentle art of
ragging?"

And gave his gray tweed sleeve a little
squeeze.

Wrapped in white tissue paper,
I keep my brown Oxfords,
In the lowest bureau drawer
In my kitchenette apartment.

M. C.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen!

The following individuals, ideas and institutions are listed as missing and unaccounted for:

The flapper...pogo sticks...Every day in every way I am getting better and better...Rabindranath Tagore...Eskimo pies...psychoanalysis...the younger generation in literature...non-stop dancing competitions...the banana shortage...Nicky Arnstein...the home-run record...Muscle Shoals...King Tut fashions...the Japanese invasion...De Valera...The Sheik...the Ford-for-President boom...the end of the world.

Any one possessing information concerning the whereabouts of these delinquents will kindly keep the knowledge to himself.

BRIDE (to butcher): What sort of roast do you think would go well with a perfect darling of a blue-and-white dinner set?

**Thackeray
liked his pipe
and said so**

**—a great physical aid
in conversation**

William Makepeace Thackeray must have felt more than friendly towards smoking, for he wrote:

"Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation... The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouths of the foolish."

Often you see two men sitting comfortably smoking their pipes in silence. They have no need for talk. The quiet puffing at their pipes is sufficient bond between them. Or you will see other men sit for hours in friendly discussion with pipes going all the time. Here the pipe seems to draw them out.

And yet, for all its sociability, the pipe is a great solace to the man who finds himself all alone. As a real companion you have to travel far and wide to find anything to beat the pipe.

You have any number of brands to choose from. No matter how hard you are to please, you can surely find the tobacco that suits your smoking temperament.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, there is a fairly good chance that it is the tobacco you have always been hoping to find.

Edgeworth has made thousands of friends in all parts of the country, and each year it makes more and more new friends.

If you will send your name and address, Larus & Brother Company will be glad to send you free samples, both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

A few pipefuls should suggest to you whether or not you care to go further along the Edgeworth trail.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Here's How!

To You, Gentle Reader,
We Wish
 The Happiest of Leap Years



1924 offers you one more day than usual in which to enjoy LIFE, and if you would be sure of it and yourself in this important detail—*here's how*:

Subscribe for the whole year, 52 weekly issues, for \$5 in negotiable currency.

Or, if you prefer homeopathic happiness, you can take a small, trial dose to start with—*here's how*:

Subscribe for 10 weeks, for a mere \$.

In either case simply Obey That Impulse and

FILL OUT THE COUPON IN THE CORNER

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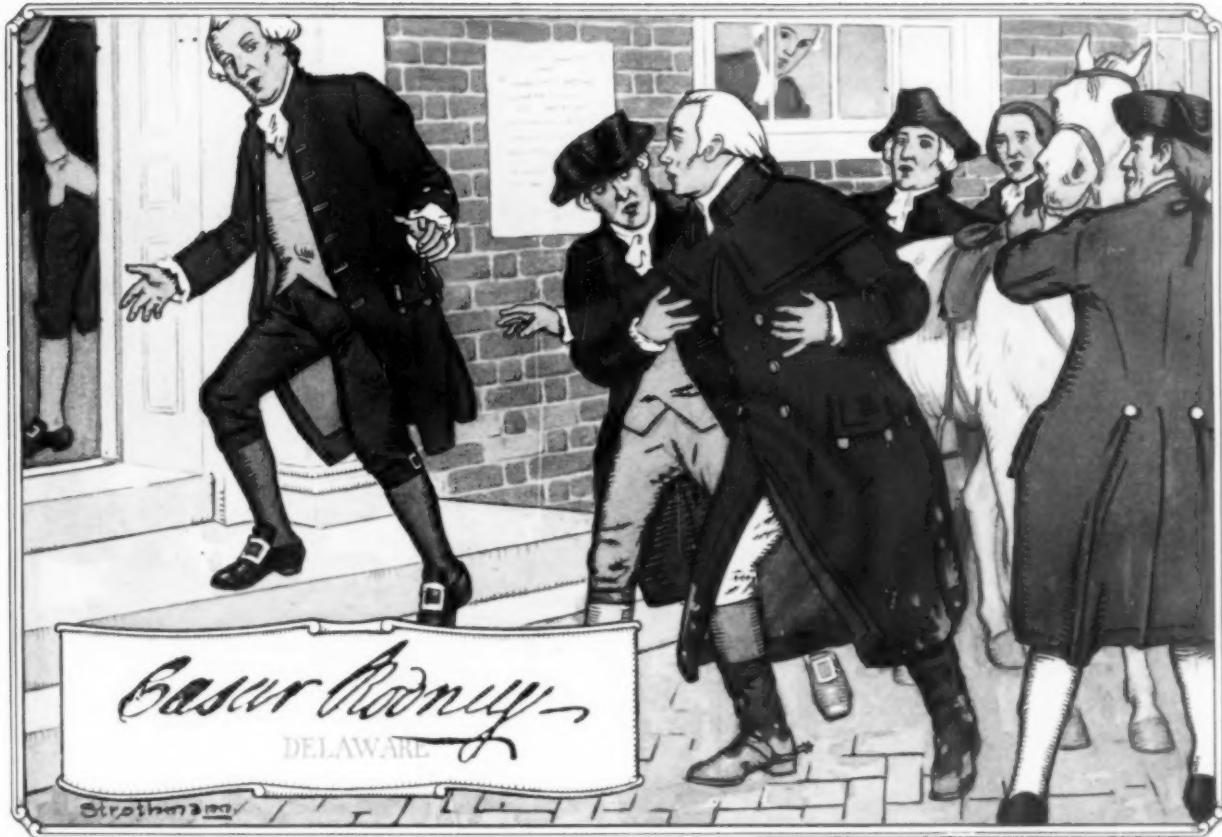
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 and here's how I'd like the maga-
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Life

One Year \$5.00 (Canadian \$5.80; Foreign \$6.60)
 Ten Weeks \$1.00 (Canadian \$1.20; Foreign \$1.40)

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CAESAR RODNEY (1728-1784) was born in Dover, Delaware. Old English family. High Sheriff of Kent County; Judge; Justice of Peace; Superintendent of Law Office; Brigadier General of Delaware Militia and Representative of that state in the Continental Congress.

Your request will bring, with our compliments, a little book containing a thumbnail biography, portrait, and signatures of all fifty-six signers together with a miniature facsimile of the original Declaration.

YOU give your wife an income now. Why not arrange to continue that income when you are gone? The Prudential Monthly Income plan does exactly that—pays a fixed sum every month to your wife for a term of years or for life. When buying new life insurance, or increasing what you have, take advantage of this Monthly Income feature—the insurance that insures the Insurance!

He Outrode Paul Revere

EVERY school boy knows Paul Revere's ride to rouse the nation. And General Sheridan's famous ride to save the nation.

But how many know about Caesar Rodney's ride to *make* the nation?

Paul Revere rode fourteen miles to warn his neighbors: Sheridan rode twenty miles to rally his own army. But Rodney, sick and alone, rode *eighty* miles through the storm as a duty to a nation he wouldn't live to enjoy.

It was July 1st 1776. The Declaration of Independence about to be voted. The Delaware delegation was split. Caesar Rodney, their leader, lay abed, far away and far from well. A secret messenger brought him the news.

Up rose Rodney, torn with pain. Over eighty miles to Philadelphia he dashed in time to save his state the humiliation of not approving the glorious document of freedom! Just as the name "Delaware" was being called, he reached the Continental Congress. "I vote 'Yes'" said Caesar Rodney, and sank fainting in his seat.

History says nothing of Caesar Rodney's family, nor whether he sacrificed himself at their expense. Devotion to duty is far easier when Insurance protects the loved ones who share all the sacrifice and get little of the glory.

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